

ELLEN OSBORN'S  
FASHION LETTER.Brilliant Toilets  
of Many Sorts  
Displayed at a  
Reception.

NEW YORK, Jan. 18.—The guest of honor was the queen of the women students of a great university.

The parade read "Four o'clock until seven," and from 4:30 until 6:30 the house buzzed like a beehive.

The parlors presented a surging sea of women's heads, while here and there bobbed helplessly a struggling man.

The air was heavy with the perfume of roses, hickory logs crackled on the fire irons, and under their rose-pink shades candles and electric lights shed a beautifying glow.

Each guest, as she entered, cast herself upon the waves of humanity, and

and contrasting broadly with royal purple or, perhaps, with a black skirt and emphasized with white lace and black velvet ribbons.

Every skirt swept the floor, and the moving of the throng was like a twining and intertwining of serpents—slow and intricate and not ungraceful.

There was, too, the scintillation of serpent masses, for the dresses were spangled and iridescent.

Long scarves floated from waists and shoulders, and even from hats, with a lilac grace, that made them fit with the suppleness of the picture.

All gloves were white, or nearly all. In the dining room, whose table was bright with long pink streamers and fragrant with American Beauty roses, cups of consommé and chocolate were circulating with miniature music rolls of sandwiches, from whose ends gushed white lettuce leaves.

The Hebes who bore these burdens wore white girlish frocks tied up with black velvet or blue ribbons. The tall Hebe served cake and orange frappe, and she was the prettiest, with a fresh wholeness of look. She had round cheeks like squirrels' pouches, but fair with pink flesh, and her eyes were merry and her hair dark with a long, curving wave in it.

Her dress was white and shimmering—perhaps of crepe de chine over tulle—and it had a long tunic open at one side over a lace underskirt. The bodice was a simple blouse of lace, with a crape fichu knotted with black on the left shoulder.

A tall, pale girl, whose height was accentuated by the length of her rose-colored tulle, that swished about her feet, devoured salt almonds.

She was a colorless yet vivacious creature with a lively appetite, and the contradictions of her aspect were echoed by her rose-colored frock, whose broadness were strangely cross-cut, making the grain of the fabric run in capricious zigzags. Motifs of yellowish lace were set across her bodice at the level of the yoke, and larger motifs came just below the waist and upon the skirt and open tunic. Small ruffles of silk and lace composed the train.

She emptied the almond dish and still looked hungry.

A woman who all the afternoon was omnipresent doing "general utility," was also "ornamental" in a graceful, cream-tinted dress, probably of ladies' cloth. The skirt of this, of unusually skillful cut, was arranged at the back in a triple box plait, and in front opened tuniswise over an underskirt decked with deep, cream-colored silk fringe.

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# Locomotor Ataxia Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People

Flower embroidery in pastel green and pink and delicate tan shades covered the sides of the skirt and much of the bodice, and a broad fringe was draped like a fichu about the shoulders.

At 6:25 the house was full; at 6:30 people had begun to vanish; at 6:40, almost an earlier in the day they had arrived. In a few minutes less than a score were left in the dining room, where the little birdlike hostess, a red spot in each cheek, was able at last to sit down with the Woman Dean and rest from much "receiving."

And now were demonstrated the beauties of tardiness.

Other guests arrived, a wise or busy few who knew the advantages of the last half-hour.

There were a mother and daughter on their way to a dinner party; the girl in one of the new evening blouses—a double bolero of yellowish lace edged

with green mousseline ruches, and worn with an exquisite under-bodice of blue and white gauze and a skirt of figured blue-green tulle.

The mother, who made a curious approach to looking as young as her daughter, displayed a costume of delicate yellow crepe de chine, of which the décolletage was framed by a line of rich, dark sable fur, from which hung mousseline lace dotted with jet sparkles. The dress was finished with jetted lace, and the trained skirt was partly covered by a white mousseline tunic, whose spangled embroidery was worth a fortune.

Behind these came a group returning from the skating rink that fashion favors, their leader a girl in a dress of indigo-blue cloth and sable.

Everything had become informal.

The blue girl ate sandwiches as voraciously as the pale girl had eaten almonds, while the girl in the evening blouse studied the blue girl's bolero, which was of the trimmest, most coquettish cut, with fur revers and capes and fur tails, that knotted in front and then dropped over the underwaist—a lively bit of color barred with red cloth bands.

The blue girl's skating cap seemed to be a Tam o' Shanter in sable, with sweeping parade plumes.

The pale girl, too, perhaps that is why the hostess and the Woman Dean and the late guests had to wait very late for their

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This is the sworn statement of a man who was cured.

"My lower limbs seemed to be dying—losing all sense of outward feeling. The most excruciating pains made me almost wild with misery and I could not stand alone. I tried electricity with no avail. Several physicians gave me treatment which was not effective. One day I read of a man who had Locomotor Ataxia, and was cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I procured a half dozen boxes, and took them before I was convinced a cure was possible, and finally used one box a week. My pains gradually disappeared, color came back to my flesh. I could walk, run and jump, and actually dispensed with a cane."

J. J. SNOOKMAKER,  
Editor Farmer and Dairyman,  
North Yakima, Wash.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 3d day of January, 1899.

JAMES R. COX, County Clerk.

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